## POETRY.

CALIFORNIA ST BATARD TATLOR.

Clair young land! the youngest, fairest far Of which the world can boast: whose guardan planest, evening's silver star, Illumes thy golden coast.

art thou conquered, famed in all the pride Of savage beauty still! brought, O panther of the splendid hide, To know thy Master's will! nore thou sittest on the tawny hills, In indolent repose; lour'st the crystal of a thousand rills Down from thy house of snows.

Sut where the wild oats wrapped thy knees in gold
The plowman drives his share;
and where, through canons deep, thy streams are
rolled,
The miner's arm is bare!
Tet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall is;
Sother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy loss virginity!

The human children sha'l restore the grace Gone with the fallen pines: The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face Shall round to classic lines.

and Order, Justice, Secial Law shall curb Thy untamed energies: and Art and Science, with their dreams superb, Replace thine ancient case.

The marble, eleeping in thy mountains now, Bhall live in sculptures rare; he matter oak shall crown the sage's brow— Thy bay, the poet's hair. by tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
and their, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

III Hisper, as he trims his silver beam, No happier land shall see, and Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream Esstored again in thee!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vilten Expressly for the New York San

## THE SPECTRE

INGLETON:

## THE FOREST MYSTERY.

By Christine H. Crrpenter.

CHAPTER V. COMMAND. "YOU HAVE SWORN!

command. "You have swonn!"

thou a spirit of health, or geblin damned, ing with thee air of heaven, or blasts of hell, Be thy intents wicked, or charitable, Thou comest in such a questionable shape—
That I will speak to thee."

Ensuled, Scene éth, Act 1st.—Shakespeare. I know the bits, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly, which I cannot shun."

Pope.

"Well, well, Nelson, you are late to-night! a ggard already? I am not yet won."
Thus spoke Julia Cranliffe, as Nelson Bradford intered the sitting room.
"Dearest Julia, is't so very late? "Tis not the orning dew that lies upon my coat—'tis but yening's." "Never mind, Nelson, I care not, so that you

"Nelson!" she exclaimed, fastening her dark day, as you stood in the churchyard beside the

"" "My thoughts? Honest ones, Julia—why do you ask?"
"Well, at such times, the veriest sinner upon arth, has strange feelings, and imaginings, run hrough his mind."
"So, I am to understand, you compare me, to be 'veriest sinner upon earth?' Complimentary, indeed."

y, indeed."
"You are a suspicious mortal, Nelson, you now well, I meant nothing of the kind! you are prevaricating, putting off answering my question." are prevaricating, putting on answering my question."

"I'll answer you then, by asking another—what were your thoughts, when you secod beside the cofin? Judge of mine by yours."

She was disconcerted for a moment, but woman's ready tact came to her aid.

"Nelson, did I judge your thoughts by mine, they must have run on—murder?"

"Murdes?" His cheeks slightly paled, as he met her piercing gaze. "Why on mur—murenet her piercing gaze. der ?"

"Was he not murdered?"
"What though he was? I could not help "Who said you could?"

"Who said you could?"
"No one, no one; but I did not like your
tone."
"Pshaw! away with such nonsense! Think
you I could love so well, and doubt?"
The wily woman threw one arm around his
neck, and relapsed into silence.
"Say, dearest Julia," he exclaimed after a
pause, "why may you not be mine within a
fortnight?" pause, "why may you not be mine within a fortnight?"
"A fertnight? Too soon, but I promise you I will be yours, at the farthest, six months

I will be yours, at the farthest, six months hence."

'Q, Julis, I could not wait so long—name an earlier day than that."

'No, I cannet."

'We'l, let it be then.'

'By the way, Nelson, the will is to be read day after te-morrow. You will be present?"

'If you wish it."

A gleam of satisfaction sparkled in her eye, as she heard his reply...

'If I wish it." thought she, as if you did not." Then laughing a low chuckle, she excusioned:

'Nelson, will you not be jealous of me when I receive my property? I shall then be a rich widow!"

I receive my property? I shall then be a rich widow!"

"Young and beautiful, in the bargain, eh, Julia?"

"You are a flatterer, Nelson."

"I speak the truth," he replied, bending down and kissing her lips, so temptingly raised. "But as for being jealous—ah, Julia, do you attribute so little of the qualities of man to me?"

"Man!" echoed a voice, so deep, so startling, that both sprang to their feet.

"Man!" it repeated again. They turned toward one of the long windows, and beheld the face of a man pearing in upon them.

"My God!" shrieked Julia, tinking back, still keeping her eyes fixed upon that countenance.

ance.

"Fis the face of the dead! of George Crambife!"

"George Cranlife!" echood Bradford, a feeling of intense horror creeping over him. Could it be a vision, or reality, he was gazing at. He summoned back his fleeting courage.

"If you are human, cease these pranks! 'Tis marriege to personate the dead. Let poor George Cranliffe rest within his grave. Seek mot to startle us, by disguising thyself to resemble him."

Sphi: or human, whatever it was, it stepped within the window, and still keeping its eyes fastened upon Bradford, spoke in strange, unnaveratones:

"Profane mortal, doubt not but that I am a spirit. Would you have proof? Look at these hollow eyes; look at these changed features. Dost see ought demean in them?"

For the first time, Bradford noticed that the face of the intrader was grim and ghastly, with a wound upon the nose, like the man he had seen buried in the afternoon.

Julia sat with clefiched hands, wildly gazing and listening. He also recognized the form he had encountered in the churchgard, wrapped in the long clock.

"Do you require further proof? Tell me, are ance. "Tie the face of the dead! of George Cran-

had encountered in the courtages,
the long clock.
"Do you require further proof? Tell me, are
not these the garments of the grave?"
The clock was drawn aside, and the affrighted
the habiliments of the tomb—the

\*Doubt no more. I am indeed the grieved spirit of George Cranilla. I cannot rest until I: am avenged. Find my murderer, Nelson Brad-ford—you will not have to seek long."

Bradford uttered a low cry, and fell back upout the sofa. Julia seemed frozen where she had sunk. Her attitude was painful, her features pale as monumental marble, her white lips apart, her hands clasped upon her heart. "Julia Cranliffe, you have cherished a viper in your heart, which shall in time become weary of love's caresses, however tender they chance to be, and in repay for them, sing the victim to death, whom it has lured to destruction! Guilty woman, forget not this! George Cranliffe once loved and trusted you, but you deceived him!"

iffe once loved and trusted you, but you deceived him!"

She uttered a wild cry, and fell upon her knees.

"Spirit of him who has gone, if thou canst desire revenge, know that I, too, have been wronged."

"Wronged!"

"Wronged! How wronged? that thou couldst turn traiter to one who loved and cherished the Thou hast not been murdered by the viper! I tell thee again, Nelson Bradford; thou wilt not have long to seek for the assassin, for "Cais!" is stampe! upon his brow, by the great Omnipotent, in unmistakable characters. Till thou findst him, and he explates the crime, thou shalt have no rest. I cannot is quietly in my grave, until the villain swings upon the gallows! Remember me—remember me—REMEMBER ME!

Cotes? Remember me—remember me—REMEN— BER ME!!

Like a flash, the apparition was gone. 'Twas long before that affrighted pair recovered sufficiently to converse.

"Julia!" at length exclaimed Nelson, "What are we to do?"

His voice brought her back to consciousness.

I'e we to do?"

His voice brought her back to consciousness.
"What are we to do? To find the murderer."

Nelson, that warning, what did it mean?
Who is the viper?"
"Who? I know not."

Who is the viper?"

"Who? I know not."

"I'll tell you, then!" she suddenly shrieked, her whole manner changing, and passion glowing upon every feature, and flashing from the scintillating glances of her eyes. "Lill tell you! "Tis you! viper, snake, reptile—I know you!"

"Woman!" he cried, as he started to his feet, "dare to repeat those words again, and—Thou art the viper, the snake, the reptile. Thou!"

"Aha! and thou art the mur derer!" she hissed in his very ear. He quivered, as if he had by a lucky chance escaped a death-laden shot.

"Murderer? Julia Craniffe, becare!!"

"Yes, mu derer!" she hissed again. "Tis for you to beware. Dare not to threaten me."

"Julia, this is strange talk from you—accusing me of being an assassin, when you, you when your husband was living, were, in his absence, listening to the honied words of another, twining your arms round his neck, pressing kisses on h's lipe, and swearing that you hated him! "Tis you hat talks thus!"

"I'll bargain with you, Nelson, I'll bargain, you have my secret, I have yours."

"Mae? what secret of mine?"

"Ha! have you forgotten so soon? The murderer"—
and a visible shudder ran over him—" speak

"Ha! have you forgotten so soon? The murderer"— "She—" and a visible shudder ran over him—"speak not like that, to me—you might as well call me at once, an assassin!"

"I do! I do! Mr. Bradford, oh don't be in such a hurry to leave me!" she exclaimed, as he turned toward the dorr. "Hear my proposal first; as I said before, you have my secret, I have yours, if you keep a still tongue, I shall do the same; if not—you shall 'sramg,' renember! I can easily quit the place, that knows my shame, but you can not; when once within the clutches of the leave, there is not help for you!"

Bradford's countenance fell, as he heard her words; he stood irresolute for a moment, and then responded:

"Julia—dearest Julis, guilty as I may be, still I love you fondly as ever; surely you do not doubt that?"

"O yes, that's all very good, no doubt you love me, as you love your bitterest enemy; bu my dear Nelson, you love my money better! Ha! ha! ha! the fex, caught by his own trap."

"Julia trust me. I love you for yourself alone."

"Wall. I'll tall you what I will do. If you

"Julia trust me. I love you for yourself alone."
"Well, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will seear by your highest hopes of heaven, that the money is no inducement for your wishing to marry me, that pure love alone actuates you, I will forget past differences, and keep my promise. You shall have a bride, within the allotted six months."
"And that bride shall be only you, my Julia."

"And that bride shall be only you, my Julia."
"You have not sworn yet."
"My God!" thought he, "the woman is a a devil! If I swear, I must swear falsely; for all I want is the money. Shall I do it? Ab, can I let suchfa chance go by? All George Cranliffe's wealth, she has told me, will be her's. Can I afford to lose it? I'll try her again, and if inothing else but the oath will satisfy her—I'll take it.
"Julia, Julia, you are cruel, you might have spared me this act. If I consent to swear to your proposition, will it not look, does it not tore steef upon me, that you doubt even my love?"

force itself upon me, that you doubt even my love?"
"Nothing else will satisfy me, I am in a strange mood to-night. Swear me the oath, and you shall have your wish; you shall wear your wedding garments this night, six months hence. Ha, ha! I am just even now, you see, Nelson Come, are you ready?"
"I am."
"Swear, then—repeat these words after me. Come Belson, kneel and raise your right hand."
He knelt as she bade him, and lifted his hand to heaven. O Gold! thy power is fearful upon man's wavering soul, the curse of the human race, the demon of society, the canker worm of the heart!

race, the demon of society, the canker worm of the heart!

She began:
"I swear, by my highest hope of heaven, by all I hold dear and sacred, by the dread punishment of the damned, that the money and property thou art heir to makes no condition in my wedding you. I swear that I marry you for yourself alone, and should you be deprived of that wealth, it would not in the least degree influence me. If this oath be not given in the true spirit of my heart, may I sternally suffer the torments of the damned!"

Shuddering and trembling, he repeated word for word, the above above diabolical oath. Frenzy beamed in Julia's eye, as he concluded; she had relapsed into one of the semi-maniac states, her fiery passions and temper subjected her to, and when the last word died upon his lips, she threw back her head, exclaiming, "Ha, ha, ha! Hradford, forget not the oath, you have sworn it!"

Hradford, forget not the oath, you have sworn it!"

Fou have sworn!" echoed a deep, hellow voice.

"Forget it not!"

"The spirit!" she affrightedly whispered.

Repressing his terror, he regarded not her last words, but cried, "Julia, forget not your promise, you have sworn to be my bride."

"I'll forget it not, Nelson. Another word—remember our compact; now go, I would be alone, you will be here, day after to morrow."

"One kiss before I go, Julia? There——"he added, as her ripe lips met his; "this seals our compact," and the next moment he was gone.

our compact," and the next moment he was gone.

Scarcely had he left her, when she drew her hand across her mouth, where his salute still burned, exclaiming—

"Yee, you are a viper! you have perjured yourself, Nelson Bradford—another drop in my cup of vengeance. I care for nought; I feel that eternal torments will be mine. I'll sell my soul to Batan, for revenge; can I forget scorn?

Newer!

soul to Satan, for revenge; can I forget scorn?

Never!

"Let me enjoy life while I have it—when I die, then I'll repent. Would to God that the pangs of remore never swept across my brain! I would I had no conscience, 'tis leng since I had a heart. My God!" and with this holy name upon her lips, she paced the floor. "My God! The dead even rise from their graves against me, wretch that I am! but there is no use repenting now, I'm too deeply steeped in sin to think of retreating from my course."

O, mistaken woman, how like toe many of your race, you shun the road to peace, forgiveness, and still madly pursue the road to death and ruin.

ruin.

"Julia Cranliffe!" exclaimed a voice, as she concluded, and she beheld standing in the same place, the apparition! "If ever you were innocent, by the days of your happy childhood, repent! If ever you loved your mardered husband,

repent?"
Again the fire of delirium swept o'er her brain.
"Never, never, never! Spirit, I tell you I am
damned! I feel it, I know it. Do you come
from the regions of bliss? If so, leave me, I
might contaminate even you, blessed as you
are. I must have revenge, I will have it!
I have cherished the desire mouldering
in my heart too long to give it up.—
Melson Bradford bound my soul's best
affections around him, only to tear and ruthleasly trample upon them. I was poor, but I
had a heart; I was a toy, which he could amuse
himself with for awhile, and then cast scornfully away. But all that is gone in the past,
my revenge is in the future. I am fast filling

the cup of vengeance, drop by drop. Spirit, I married George Cranliffe because I was forced into it by my father, and then I almost hated him, because he caressed me. He is dead, and now, Nelson Bradford thinks me rich, he wants money, and is willing to marry me. Yes! he shall have a bride, but she will be death! Did you not hear his oath? his soul is perjured, perjurg!"

Her gestures were wild and passionate, her features convulsed. The strange figure spoke not, but stood gazing at the frantic woman, then suddenly disappeared from her view.

As, a short time after, Julia turned to leave the room, her eye fell upon an envelope lying near the door; she picked it up; it was directed to Nelson Bradford, and upon the corner were bloody finger marks! Securing it in her dress, a triumphant smile broke over her face, and she hastened from the apartment. astened from the apartment.

The second appointment—Night scene.
"Who can he be !" Gossip's Query. "The time has been,
When a man's brains were out, the man would die!
And there as end, but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders, on their crowns."
MACHETH.

T'was the night appointment for the meeting, at Central Clump, and Harry and Colonel Pesling were slowly ricing on their way.

"Harry, my boy, I must tell you of something which has puzzled me wonderfully. The other day at the funeral, I noticed a person wrapped its a long black mentals attacking to one content. day at the funeral, I noticed a person wrapped in a long black mantle, standing in one corner; I watched him closely, vainly hoping I might see his face, but he kept it cencealed. I chanced to turn away for a few moments, and when I again turned my eyes to the place he had occupied, he was gone!"

"Who did you think it was?"

"By George, Harry! a suspicion crossed my mind, that it might be—" the Colonel, bent over toward his friend, and breathed something in his ear.

"Coguld it have been."

"Yes, by St. Peter! I know it was he, but say nothing about it, we'll see how things work."

"Agreed, Colonel. I had a conversation with

work."
"Agreed, Colonel. I had a conversation with
Nelson Bradford, at the grave; he is deeply impressed with horror, at the death of the murdered man."

ressed with her or, at the death of the murder-ed man."

"Hark, Harry! I hear horses feet behind us.
See! see! the stranger, by Christopher!"

At this moment, they drew on one side to give passage to a horse that came thundering swiftly down the road; on his back was a form closely veiled.

"Let us after him! Holy Peter, I'll see who "Let us after him! Holy Poter, I'll see who he is, this time."

They put spurs to their animals, and in true military style, dashed on after the mysterious rider; but their steeds were no match for the fleet one, the other bestrode, and he was soon lost to sight. Soon after they reached their destination, and found George Cranliffo there before them.

to sight. Soon after they reached their destination, and found George Cranliffe there before them.

The first greetings were over, and the latter questioned them, concerning matters at the Hall.

"The night of our last meeting, when we are rived there, we thought it a good idea to assertain if any one visited it during our absence. Accordingly, we left our horses at the end of the avenue, and stole up to the house and reconnoitred at the window. Who should we observe in the sitting room but Nelson Bradford, resting on the divan, Julia beside him, his arm around her, her head upon his shoulder. We fett tempted to burst in upon them, and confound them by our presence, but on further reflection we determined not to ruin our plans by such a proceeding, so we went back, remounted, and rode up to the door, thus warning them of our approach. When we entered, Julia was alone.

The funeral has taken place. The murdered now sleep in the grave. Do you know, George, that a handkerchief has been found upon him, with the initials—"G. C. upon it. It is singular who he could have been."

lar who he could have been."

"Dominie, it beats anything I ever heard of."

"George," resumed Harry, 'the will is to be read to-morrow; what will you do in that case?"

"Let it be read. It is in your favor, all willed to you, brother, except the Hall; that I left to her, so that in case of my death she might have a home. My money and estates are bequeathed to you. When we were first married, I wrote a will in favor of Julia, but when I discovered har

to you. When we were first married, I wrote a will in favor of Julia, but when I discovered her infidelity, I altered it."

"My brother, I accept all for a short time, but, thank Heaven, you are not dead yet. I trust you have many long years to live."

"God's will be done! My reasons for permitting the will to be read, is, that knowing the affairs cannot be settled within a year, before that, I can resume my real character, and by permitting it to be read, I can ascertain how it affects the different parties interested. Julia, I am confident, thinks it is in her favor, so does he! A nice surprise I have prepared for them; of course, you, Harry, and you, Colonel, will be present."

"We shall," they replied, in a breath.

About the same time this conversation was

"We shall," they replied, in a breath.

About the same time this conversation was taking place, Nelson Bradford was seated in his room, poring over a heavy volume, which lay upon a table before him. The room was handsomely furnished with many beautiful paintings and engravings lining the walls; a bookcase stood in one corner, filled with volumes, whose gilt backs flashed, and glittered, in the light like a mine of jewels, and they were jewels of though; the repository of the noble minds, and great geniuses of the world. Bradford was fond of reading, but alse! the gems of imagery, the well defined characters, the acquisition of learning, did not take away the secret villiany of his character, or rob him of his love of pleasure, and gold!

He arose, pushed saide the one he was perusing.

He arose, pushed saide the one he was perusing and going to the cabinet, commenced reading the title of the numerous books, sudder by he exclaim-

and going to the cabinet, commenced reading the title of the numerous books, sudded by he exclaimed.

"Ab, here it is!"

Balch's treatise on poison!

He took it from the shelf, and sea'ed himself again at the table, he turned over the leaves, one by one, carefully looking at them; at length he paused, and muttered:

"This suits me, this suits me! one, two, three, four ing redients, beside the other trities. The itle is good, to my purpose.

"This poison is slove but sure, twelve drops infused in a glass of water, or wine, are sufficient; operating so as to give the victim, who has swallowed it, the appearance of having the consumption. It will produce death, one month from the time it is taken. The symptoms are a gradual wasting away, a spitting of blood, and finally ends in dissolution—there is no antidote!"

"No antidote, better still. I'll try it. I'll have it ready in time of need; the articles are easy to obtain, the poison soon made; to-morrow I'll do it, then when opportunity offers, I'll use it Dead men, and dead women, for the matter of that, tell no tales."

He placed a alt of paper between the pages, to designate the fitem, and closing the book, returned it to the cabinet.

"Now!" he continued, in low, deep tones, "I shall soon be safe. But can it be that I am purfersued by a spectre? Yesternight, when the apparition presented itself at the window, though my heart quaked with fear, even when it find disappeared, I dared not show it; even now, my blood freezes at the idea of the dead walking. They say the murdered haunt the earth for a week after burfal, but I have ridicaled all those ghost stories related to me, and laughed at them unceasingly; but my eyes and ears both bear witness of the spectre."

He gazed fearfulity around the spartment, as if expecting to see it rise again to view. "Even Julia was afraid, but, like myself, she concealed it."

For the space of three hours he paced the apartment, and then going to the casement, he

Julia was alraid, but, like myself, she concealed it."

For the space of three hours he paced the apartment, and then going to the casement, he threw up the window, and looked out into the night; his glance sought the heavens, where sailed the moon in queenly majesty, with her twinkling train of stars; his gaze fell to the lawn below; he started back, terror stamped upon every feature. He dared not go back to the window to fasten it; at length, muttering, "What! am I such a coward? Away with fear. I will close it!"

He slowly advanced to the casement, but despite his efforts, his eyes seemed drawn by some magnetic influence to the lawn. There it was in the same place, that tall figure in the long clack, its arm out systched toward him! Shuddering and alarmed, he nervously boited the shutters, and then, having satisfied himself that his door was locked, he hastily prepared for bed.

Sleep, however, seemed banished his pillow, and he courted her in vain.

"Siesp refused to wrap him in her arms, And left to memory sad the charm To wake up visions of the grim past— To rouse still again, in colors true, The dark deeds that fearful on his view Glided swift, and fast,"

THE READING OF THE WILL-POISOR-ROSE VILLA. "And tope, if less eagerly sought, is less bitterly disapt ointed."—The Disonston.
"Those subtle poisons, which made science crime, and knowledge a temptation.—L. E. L.

"Lady, thy white brow is fair,
Beauty's morning light is thine,
And thine eye is like a star

Beaming in the heavens afar."

ETHEL CHURCHILL.

Beaming in the heavens after."

Assembled in the library at Craniffe Hall was Mrs. Cranliffe, Harry, Col. Pesling, Nelson Bradford, the village attorney, and a lawyer. It was evident some important event was on the tapis, from the appearance of the whole party. The attorney was a short, fat, bald-headed man, who seemed womerfully impressed with the dignity of his office, and wished others to be fully aware of his importance, but, withal, a good hearted individual, who liked to see the right dealt out to all, as evenly as if weighed in Justice's balance.

"The cause of strife removed so rarely well, "There, take," says Justice, "take you each a shell. We thrive at Westminster on fools like you."

Twas a fat oyster. Live in peace. Adua."

After two or three preliminary "ahems," he

We thrive at Westminster on fools like you.

"Twas a fat oyster. Live in peace. Adisu."

After two or three preliminary "ahems," he addressed them:

"My friends, you are well aware that I am now about to read the last will and testament of George Cranliffe, deceased. I, therefore, require your attention, and will strive to occupy as brief a space of time as possible.

He untied the manuscript that lay before him, and proceeded to break the seal. After unfolding and straightening it, he braced himself up, expanded his chest, and in pompous tones read the opening clauses; then followed: "I, George Cranliffe, being this moment in full possession of my senses and health, do bequeath to my dear trother Harry all my estates, excepting Cranliffe Hall and its surroundings; also, I do give and bequeath unto him the bulk of my fortune, reserving the sum of five thousand dollars to pay all debts, &c., the remainder of it, after the above are deducted, to be given to my wife, beside which, I do give and bequeath her, the above excepted, Cranliffe Hall and its adjucts."

Here followed a number of other small aforts.

liere followed a number of other small af-Here followed a number of other small affair, to be settled, and the will was read.
It would be impossible to describe the blark atonishment pictured upon the faces of Nelson Bradford and Julia Cranhiffe, as they heard the preceding statement; for a few moments they were speechless. At length, the latter found voice to say:
"Is that all?"
"All, madam? Why, yes, midam. Is it not enough?" questioned the choleric attorney.
Amazement possessed every faculty. Nelson could not speak; the man was rooted to the spot. He had been so confident that the property wou'd all be Julia's, to find it all dashed to the earth!

would all be Julia's, to find it all dashed to the earth!

"Yet, thus it is with all!
Like Summer flowers, each hope fades away,
That so long we cherished,
With never once the thought—it might decay." With never ence the thought—it might decay.

In her astonishment, Julia had not thought
of him, but when she recollected herself, and
turned her eye upon him, a gleam of triumph
sparkled there, notwithstanding her heavy dis-

turned her eye upon him, a gleam of triumph sparkled there, notwithstandisg her heavy disappointment.

"He is folled in his hopes," thought she. 'Tis another drop in the cup of revenge."

Leaning against the mantle stood Harry, gazing intently, first upon the latter, then upon Bradford. The Colonel, who occupied an arm-chair beside him, was likewise engaged.

"By St. Antrim!" mused he, "this is a surprise. Ha, ha, my fine birds, you can squirm and twist, but its 'no go.'"

The will lay upon the table, and the attorney was smoothing his chin with his hand, silence prevailing. At length, Julia glanced at Harry, encountering his gaze with one of those vague, dreamy looks the assumed at pleasure, then suffered her eyes to wander to the face of the Colonel. Though her countenance expressed not her purpose, she was striving to read the thoughts of each.

After awhile she fastened her glance upon that of Bradford, he felt her gaze, and the hot blood rushed to his cheeks and brow, at his ruined exprectations, and a voice seemed whispering in his ear—" Remember your oath—you have sworn."

The atterney now broke the stillness, by ex-

sworn."
The atterney now broke the stillness, by ex-

claiming . "Friend, you can now depart if you wish R. Mr. Cranlifes"—he continued, turning to Harry—"I congratulate you upon the accession to your wealth.
"Yes, Harry, boy, said the Colonel. "By Christopher, you are a framp?"—And you, Mrs. Cranlifes," resumed the attorney. "Fine estate, this Granlife, like a storie, quite a fortune—at your service any time, and with a few more disconnected sentences, he took his leads that turned from the gaze of Julia to the window, where, by a mighty effort, he assumed his ordinary politoness and affability. "Harry," he exclaimed, taking his hand, "I for your sake, it is 10.

"Thank you, Nelson, thank you. I am glad, for your sake, it is 10.

"Thank you, Nelson, thank you. I appreciate your feelings, I assure you."

In a short time after, the typocrite prepared to take his departure, in preasing Julia's hand, he fait a small billes is ipped into his own, concealing it, he made his conjet he did not venture to ascertain its contents in the road, the fine to secretain its contents in the road, the fine privacy of his room, he opened it.

"NELSON.
Remember your oath! I am deceived, disappointed, but you will not desert me. Come to the Hall three nights hence. "What tempted me to swear it? Ye gold, was ever man a foiled? O, I had deemed the prize so secures but I'll settle one matter—she will has Cranliffe for a time. Fill now to the poison. All is ready."

He threw off his cost, and proceeded toward the small table, occupying one corner of the room. Spread cut upon it were the broad leaves of some peculiar shrub; he gathered them up, and cut them in rine particles. There was also a lamp, with a small kittle fitted in an iron rim, just above it; going to the book-case he brought forth two white papers, containing some powder, and two viais, one filed with a liquid of a bright vermilion has, the other a fluid of milky whiteness.

When he had made the leaves as fine as possible, he put he remains into the kettle, lighting the lamp beneath it.

He then took a larger vial from the ca

been feiled. I love her not—lah! the thought of it sickens me; though I sm compelled to make pretensions. I wish my recret thad remsined locked within my own breast, but that woman cannot be resisted, she must be possessed with some magical art! How could mere guessing have come so near the truth? and thom she questions me so sharply, and to the point!"

"I do not think she deceived me when she led me to believe that she was sure the property would be hers. I surmise she was as much amazed at the turn affairs have taken, as my-self; and, for my part, I never doubted! I always thought he loved her so well. There's something wrong, but I'll be safe. Yes, yes; I'll not run any risk. I'd be in security as soon as possible. Here, at least, is one place where that horrid spectre has not intruded; here I will defy it; I can the if here! I wish I could sleep at night, I am troubled with such horrid dreams; that form is ever present; but I will defy it; I'll he night was cloudless, and as he strolled along, he forgot, for awhile, his dark fancies; his thoughts were cencentrated upon nothing in particular, roving hither and thither, devoid of the volition, of will, now upon the past, then upon the present, again in the misty obscurity of the future; he had neared the avenue leafing to the house, when a loud voice sounded in his ear, "Murderer!"

With a loud shrick he fled, stopping not to see who it could be who thus disturbed him, cor-scious of nought save a fearful inward revulsion

feeling. He rushed into the hall, where he encountered Julis, who hurriedly asked the cause of the cry, for she had recognized his voice. "The spectre!" was all he could articulate, as she drew him into the room and closed the or. The artful woman trembled inwardly as she

remembered the interruption of a previous even-ing, but she knew did she openly display fear, her power over him was gone; so, mastering her ano ion, she blazed. emo ion, she hissed—
"And what did the spectre say that should

"And what did the spectre say that should frighten you so?"

"Julia, say no more; leave me to think."

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed, moving toward the coor. "I will leave you if your thoughts are so much p'easanter than my company."

"No, stay; I did not mean that; but I know that strarge being has awed me—startled me. I am weak; let me have some wine."

She rang the bell, and ordered the desired article. The servant soor returned, and, drawing out the small table, placed two glasses and a bottle of Madeira upon it, and then retired.

When they were alone, be poured out a glass of the startling intoxicator and tossed it off without taking it from his lips.

Ju is watched him with a sneering smile distorting her beautiful face; a second draught and he seemed refreshed, for setting down the cryatal goblet, he turned to his companion, saying:

This generous julce has set my blood dancing through its channels again.

"O, give me, next to a fair woman's smile,

"O, give me, next to a fair woman's smile,
The full glass of ruby hued wine;
It livens, it cheers, and tempts me the while
To smatch from those red lips of thine
A kies, while my own, there dark, dancing orbs,
Say nought disapproving to me.
Lore and this liquid my reason absorbs,
O, yes; give me wine, love, and thee!

O, yes; give me wine, love, and thee!

"A giass of cold water, though clear and bright,
And limp d and fret a from the spring,
Lacks juster, foam, and the lich crimson light,
Which has never yet falled to bring
The glow of delight to the flashing eye,
The memory of olden time.
O, put the weak glass of cold water by,
And give me the glorious wine!"
As he concluded this rapeody, he flung his
arm around her, and seated her upon his knee.

"Now, Julia," he remarked, "let us run
over matters, since the reading of the will. By
the bye, I think you looked disappointed the
other day."

the bye, I think you looked disappointed the other day."

"Disappointed? I was, for I expected to get the whole. To think he should have left the bulk of his fortune to Harry."

"It is really too bad, but you know you have still this beautiful mansion."

"Mansion? What is it to me? "Twas the money I wanted!"

"Then you are not suited or satisfied with this elegant place?" this elegant place?"
"It does very well in its way; but I'll tell you one thing, I believe, in the event of Harry's sudden death, all would fall to me—for if he were not married, and made no will, there would

sudden death. all would fall to me—for if he were not married, and made no will, there would no other heir."

As she spoke, she fixed her keen, dark eyes upon him with that peculiar searching expressions so common with her.

"Harry's sudden death!" he repeated—"No other heir—You are right!" A gleam of animation spread upon his face.

"You are right—it would; but he is young and healthy, and not likely to die yet awhite."

"Why might not he, as well as his brother?"

"I merely remarked—"why might not he die, as well as his brother?' the latter was young, in the best of health, and yet it took but a short time, Nelson, to stretch him cold and lifeless, upon the ground."

"That is true, too, to be sure he would asdie, well as another!" and he relapsed into silence and meditation. Ju is noticed his abstraction; and concluded she had said enough to keep him thinking.

We mest now advance a little, and turn our attention in another direction.

Not ter from Canniff Hall, was an estate.

We must now advance a little, and turn our attention in another direction.

Not far from Cranliffs Hall, was an estate, known as Rose Villa, from the multitude of roses, which bloomed and faded in the presisters. It was a picturesque name, and the spot could not have received a more applicable designation; against the side of the house, an endless variety of ronning roses blushed in beauty, shedding their rich perfume to the air, while the pure while, the delicate cream, the pink, the crimson, intermingled with the brilliant yellow, duly snaded with the dark green leaves, met the eye at every turn.

intermingled with the brilliant yellow, duly snaded with the dark green leaves, met the eye at every turn.

It had been occupied by a Mr. Rand, whose wife having lately died, he had sold it to a Mr. Remson; the vills had been fitted up anew, painted and ornamentes throughout.

Everything was ready for the family, who were expected daily; in the early part of the evening they arrived, and with the ardor assimulated with such occasions, were going through the house, examining and criticising with unbounded delight. They were satisfied with all the arrangements, rothing had been left undone, and masy and joyful, were the excismations that greeted each apartment as Mr. Remson threw open the doors. The party consisted of his wife, a lady refined, amiable, a true mother, his daughter Virginis, a beautiful girl of eighteen, and Edward, a youth of fourteen; this was the whole of the family, who were to be neighbors, to the inmates of Cranliffe Hall.

Virginia was as lovely as a poet's dream. Her complexion was as pure as a snowfake, with a rose leaf resting upon it; her eyes as blue as heaven's carulegn ether; her hair fell to her waist in its golden luxuriance, bright as if the later aye, of the setting sun had been imprisoned in its wayes; her features delicate and feminine, and her mouth crimson in its fullness, revealed, when it parted, in a dimpling smile, teeth small and umblemished, in their whiteness. She was the idol of her parents and young brother, whose large, brown eyes glowed with true paternal love, as they rested upon her beaming countenance, and well she merited their affection, for she was as gentle and amiable, as she was beautiful.

As the group entered the parlors, Mr. Remson

ahe was as gentle and amiable, as she was beautiful.

As the group entered the parlors, Mr. Remson exclaimed:

"Well, I would have Jennie's opinion of our new home. I have only heard, now and then, some ambiguous exclamation from her lips."

"I am delighted, father. I could not be more pleased, and I see by my mother's eye, that she, too, is delighted. How correct your taste is! How well this portrait looks hare!" she added, as she pointed to one which hung in the shadow of the arch. "How finely the face is shown!" The picture was a dark-eyed boy, which bore a decided resemblance to Edward.

"And, Jennie, how well this one looks!" he exclaimed, as he directed their attention to an exquisite head, with dreamy blue eyes, and sunny ringlets, which a giance showed to be Virginis.

"How lovely it looks, does it not pape ?"

"Why, Eddle, you have turned flatterer," said she, smiling fondly upon him as she spoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Remson stood apart from them,

Mr. and Mrs. Remson stood spart from them, watching their expressive countenances, their hearts feeling the joy of true peace and affection in beholding the love existing between their children.

A truly affectionate family is a rare spectacle named days. "The a sed feet. Brothers and also

now-a days. 'Tis a sad fact. Brothers and sisters living near one another, in constant association, but never exchanging those little evidences of affection, so endearing in themselvest each having a separate life, no exchange of thought, no refreshing intercourse with each

other—a saldahness arises where such a state of salars exists. Left has not too many enjoyments, that it should be abused; we, should be ahappy as possebles, and we can easily he so too tribuiting to the he ppiness of others.

There is a piessure in doing so, which more smooth of the rough edges of our nature, if the smooth of the rough edges of our nature, if the situle points of eliquette and love are regarded in the family association, they actuate the after life; children who are brought up under their influence naturally become serf-acarditic ing, patient, mild, and agreeable, a bleesing and shonor to their parents.

In the family association, they actuate the after life; children, halv of Mr. Remono, such points had children, halv of Mr. Remono, such points had individually before them, patients of them to such the state of the stat Minsight over the proud old world." Cutter.
"It a strange mystery, the power of words?

Life, is in them, and death."

Landon.

The morning after their arrival, Virginia and her young brother strolled cut for a walk, and to inspect the neighborhood in the vicinity of their new home. The day was bright and clear, and every thing seemed endowed with new beauty, the drops of dew upon the blades of gruss, sparkled like a bed of diamonds, in the sunlight; the fresh morning breeze, the liveliness of the scene inspired them with delight.

They took the road toward the forest; as they quitted the out kirts of the village, and were pars in leisurely along, a huge mastiff sprang upon Virginia, from a clump of bushes by the side of the path; she gave a slight scream as the feroclous animal seized her dress with its teeth. Edward, who was a little in advance, and had not seen the occurrence, upon turning and perceiving her danger, seized a stick, and endeavored to drive it off, but it only held faster, and fixed its giaring eyes upon the face of he affrighted girl. At this moment the sound of a rich tenor voice singing a popular air, was heard, and the next, the singer appeared in sight. As soon as be beheld the position of the young girl he hurried forward, and called the dog by name; at the send of its master's tones, the animal sullenly quited its hold, and crouched down at her feet; a second time he spoke in a more commanding manner, and the dog moved off.

The girlleman now appreached Virginia, who stood blushingly waiting to thank him; as he drew near, he bent a glance of respectful admiration upon her lovely face, which brought the rich blood in greater torrents to her face, neek, and arms, until even the tips of the taper fingers glowed with the ruddy current.

"Allow me to thank you sir," she began; but he smitingly interrupted her, exclatming—
"That he was torry his dog had been so impolite as to spring upon so fair a lady in so rude a manner."

"Permit me at least, to inquire the name of him who thus released me

"That he was sorry his dog had been so impolitie as to spring upon so fair a lady in so rude a manner."

"Permit me at least, to inquire the name of him who thus released me of my tormentor?"

"That is Harry Craniffe, at your service," he replied, "and if I mistake not, I jee before me, the son and lovely daughter of Mr. Remson." And he bowed respectfully to the maiden.

"We are near neighbors, Miss Remsen, may we not be friends?"

She frankly extended her hand, which he cordially grasped in both his own, thanking her for the favor she bestowed upon him.

In a few moments they had separated and each was going in opposite directiess. Virginia and Edward to continue their walk, Harry toward the village; but the interest the young girl had before felt in the scenes about her, faded away, she was listless and abstracted, and Edward often rallied her playfully, about the handsome stranger they had met. At such times, she would start, blush, and assume her former activity for awhile, but in a few moments she would again relapse into that semi-dreaming state; after rambing a short distance-further, they turned their steps homeward, retracing their path, but they did not again encounter Harry.

The morning was far advanced when they

they turned their steps homeward, retracing their path, but they did not again encounter Harry.

The morning was far advanced when they reached Rose Vills, and as soon as they had entered the room where Mr. and Mrs. Remsen were seated, Edward commenced relating their late adventure, as he styled it, with great gusto, calling himself the champion and Harry the relieve guard, etc. He dwelt long upon Virginia's confusion and subsequent listlessness, until the tears of mortification came into her dyes; seeing which the affectionate boy immediately ceased his raillery, and, throwing his arms around her neck, begged her to forgive his folly; his fervor soon brought back her banished smiles.

Every morning after the eventful meeting Harry Cranlife encountered the brother and sister, accidentally it would seem, but, secretly, the young man was enamored of the fair girt from the moment he first saw her; there was something beside casua'ity in their meetings, but still he did not force himself upon hes; a simple bow, a friendly remark, an admiring glance, and he had passed on. For the rest of the day Virginia carried the remembrance of those thrilling glances in her heart, and it was not without the hope that she might meet him, that she took her daily walk.

One night, about a week from the last occurrences, as Nelson Bradford was hastening through the village toward his home, his attention was attracted by an object near the roadside, which resembled the crouched figure of a man; for a moment he hesitated, ere he approached it, but again he moved closer, and found his surmises correct, for as he drew near, the figure started up with a low howl of rage, and an instant after, a keen blade glittered in the lear term controlled the convented, and, in learny convented the convented, and, in

and an instant atom, the air.

Bradford, seeing his danger, retreated, and, in a low tone, commanded:

"Put up your knife, I wont harm you."

The figure remained motionless. Therejwas no moon, though the night was clear, and Bradford could not distinguish the features of the man. "Do you hear?" said he again; "Put up your

"No you near?" said he again; "rat up your knife, and tell me who you are." "Makes no difference to you, massa." "Ah! you're a negro—a slave!" exclaimed the other, the thought int uding itself upon his mind.
"Yes, I is, an' I'm boun' to get cl'ar. So look out, I is desprit, Massa, I is. You'd better luf me go!"
Bradford was silent for a few moments, and

Bradford was silent for a few moments, and then whispered—

"All will go well with you, if you'll act as I want you to—I will ald you to escape."

"Can't trust white man, massa. How will I know but what you're tryin' to snare dischile?"

"No, I tell you, I'll aid you to escape."

"Will you sware dat?"

Bradford remembered the penalty imposed upon any white man, aiding a runaway negro, but then he had his own ends to serve, so he replied:

"Yes, I'll swear it, but you must swear never to betray what I am going to reveal to you."

The negro sheathed his blade and muttered, "Come closer, we might be seed, massa."

Bradford approached hims, keeping a keen watch upon his movements, but the black showed no more signs of hostility.

"You know what an oath is, do you not?"

"Guess I ort to!"

"Well, will you swear what I asked you?"

"I do, an'now, massa, be quick."

"First, where are you going to?"

"I dun no, massa; mus'git out ob dis willage sum how."

"Whose nigger are you?"

"I dun no, massa; mus'git out ob dis willage sum how."

"Whose nigger are you?"

"Marse Cranifie's."

"Why, Fompey, is it you? I thought I knew your voice! Why, what possessed you to try to ercape?"

"Dun no! tired of slave life, gwine to be myown massa, now."

"Well, Pompey, that's all right!" said Bradford, while he inwardly thought. "This fallow must not return to Cranliffe Hall, yet awhile or I am lost! I'll see whether he knows me."

"Pompey, do you know who I am? If you bestray me you die!"

"Dis chile know better den to do dat, Massa Bradford."

"Bradford, ha! you do recognize me?"

Fradford."

"Bradford, ha! you do recognize me?"

"Know you! why in corse I does, I know'd yer when you first halled me; but what do you want?"

"Well, we must get to a safe place, before I tell you that."

tell you that."

"Ki, I know dat, whar shill we go?"

"Pompey, I'll tell you of a safe place," said the other, after a pause, in which he had revolv-

"Yes, he stays at the inn thar, long wid de-Cunnei."
"Good! now Pompey, you know your master died very suddenly, was found dead with a wound in the heart?"
"Yes, I know dat, an for dat reason, I'so g wine to 'rcape—'fraid Misse Cranlife sell die niggs, and d's chile respec' his oder Marse too much, to be sole down Souf."
"Bs! do you think she intends to sell the slave?"

much, to be sole down Souf."

"Ha! do you think she intends to sell the slaves?"

'Dunno, but I'se 'freid she will sum day, so I 'cluded to make sure."

'Ah, that's it. Well, you say Harry Cranliffe's at the inn—do you know in which room he sleeps?"

'I'dunno dat."

"That's the difficulty I was afraid of." Bradford was silent for some time, when he again spoke, it was in lower, deeper tones, so that the listner outside was compelled to strain every nerve to distinguish his words.

"Pompey, don't you think Harry Cranliffe could die as well as your master? "Mow you see its my opinion that he might have had a hand in that singular affair."

"Ai, massa, what dat you mean to say? young marse Cranliffe hab a hand in de murder of his brudder?"

"I don't know for a certainty; but see here—you know your master was rich, and he would have left all his money to his mistress; but, if he died suddenly, without leaving it to Mrs. Cranliffe, Harry could do what he pleased; so uppose he killed your master, or had him killed, and then wrote a will—you know what that is?"

"Yes, yes—I guess this nigger know dat."

"Well, suppose he makes your master leave all his money to him? You see?"

"Gorry massa!" or led the negro in a loud

"Yes, yes—I guess this nigger know dat."
"Well, suppose he makes your master leave all his money to him? You see?"
"Gorry, massa!" cried the negro in a loud voice, "you don't suppose dat?"
"Yes, I do, Pempsy; but don't speak so loudly, or we will be discovered. You loved your master, didn't you?"
"Yes, massa, I respect him too."
"Weil, isn't it your opinion that Harry Cranlife murdered your master? he deserves to dis."
"He coes, dats de truf, but how can he die when his time hade't come?"
"Why, ean't you do it, Pompey?"
"No! Me do dat!" yelled the slave.
"Hush, you black devil, you will alarm the village."
"You 'stonish me, massa; Pompey never do such ting as dat, he would never have raspec for hisself again!"
"Why, Pompey, you would be a hero." replied the other, playing upon the susceptible points of his sable companior.
"You would be avenging your masters death!"

The negro stood irresolute for a moment, and

points of his sable companios.

"You would be avenging your master's death!"

The negro stood irresolute for a moment, and then saked:

"Is dat so?"

"Why, aint it, Pompey?" Don't the wretch deserve to die? You will show your love for the dead."

"Well, well! dis chile mus' tink 'bout dat."

"This king takes all the courage out of a man, Pompey, and I know you would not like to have me think you had none. I should have a very poor opinion of your master, to think he would have such a chicken-hearted nigger around him!

This had the desired effect, it aroused the vanity of the negro, and hey felded readily to the wishes of Bradford; the latter could scarcely repress a low chuckle at his success.

"How and when shill I do de ting masse?"

"Why, Pomp, that's easy enough, is that knife of yours sharp?"

"Golly! better not try it."

"Well, then you can dodge his footsteps, he often rakes a walk at night, spring upon him when he gets in some retired piace, and plunge your knife in his heart, the very spot where the villian planted his!"

Bradford felt that he had done well, that his last remark could not have been bettered; the figure without the door was stricken motionless with horror.

The wretch con tinued:

"After you have done the deed fly to the place, here you are secure, and I will soon aid you to eccape from the State. To sell you where your tongue will be kept silent, I warrant!" he added in wardly.

"How soon shall I do it, Massa?"

"As soon as possible. In the meantime, while you are here, I will provide you with enough to eat, and see that you do not want anything."

"All right, Massa."

"Now Pompey, I can rely on you?"

"Yes, massa, sure as def! I'll never betray you; cos, if I do, I 'spect! shill be put in de-limited wards."

"Now Pompey, I can rely on you?"

"Yes, massa, sure as def! I'll never betray you; cos, if I do, I 'spect I shill be put in de brimstone, where de debil dance on de fryin pan, an wios up poor niggers wid a pitchfork, red hot!"

"Of course you will, if you don't do your duty and rid the world of such a wretch as the one who murdered his brother; and now I must go. Keep close, Pompey, until night; then, when you go abroad, be cautious, when you do a thing, do it cleverly, not like a bungler." The alave here began to asset his abilities, but Bradford stopped him, and continued,

"If you hear the noise of a search for you, do not be afraid, I will divert suspicion from this place; and now, good night."

"Good night, Massa."

The unknown drew back from the entrance,

place; and now, good night."

"Good night, Massa."

The unknown drew back from the entrance, as Bradford approached the door, and as the former stole from the building, he creot after him, keeping closely in the shade, until they were at some distance from the house.

Bradford was walking on, his eyes fixed directly before him, for his fears troubled him.

He shuddered in spite of his effects to be caim, and to proceed fearleasly on his way, but he accretly determined, should he meet any caim, and to proceed fearleasly on his way, but he accretly determined, should he meet any caim, or allowing himself to be overcome with fright; but he overrated his powers; he had scarcely proceeded a dosen stape, after making this resolve, when a dark form aprans, noiselessly up in his path, and commanded him, in a sepulchral tone, to pease. There was no person near to witness the scene, as the hear was late, and the village was quiet and lowely. It was in the most solitary part; being not very thickly settled, the houses stood some little distance from each other, in many places. As Bradford perceived the interruption, his resolution vanished, and he obeyed the command, the